

Cohasset Mariner

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Subscription rates: in-town \$8 for one year and \$14 for two years; out-of-town \$10 for one year and \$17 for nine months. Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Box 682, Marshfield, Mass. 02050

Editorial

The Harbor Issue

An imprecise boundary divides the Towns of Scituate and Cohasset through harbor waters from Government Island Pier to the first dolphin buoy at the breakwater. This invisible line also divides Norfolk and Plymouth Counties.

Every year the Selectmen walk and define the boundaries of the town, but even that board has yet to walk the waters of the harbor.

According to Harbormaster Harry Ritter, a "tentative map" showing the harbor dividing line exists.

In the past boats were assessed in the town where they were stored on land as of January 1, but now with the new legislation in effect July 1, excise taxes are paid to the town where the boat is moored.

Where the boat is moored is suddenly of extreme interest to both towns. Cohasset fears that Scituate will claim their due of taxes from boats lying in Scituate waters within Cohasset Harbor and once happily paid will again leave harbor matters to Cohasset. In other words, take the money and run.

Apart from the tax issue, since earliest memory Cohasset has been supply all harbor maintenance, dredging, lighting, parking and access for Scituate residents using Cohasset harbor. Services rendered to Scituate in Cohasset Harbor also included use of water and electrical outlets for work and repairs made on boats, flood lighting, police night patrol and inspection and upkeep of mooring tackle.

What the most effective compromise between the towns will be over the harbor issue, is a moot question which will be discussed over the year. One reason for inaction so far is the lack of data and tax dollar amounts from each town, as this is the first year of enforcement of the new law.

Scituate and Cohasset should do some basic arithmetic together to determine how many boats are moored where. From there tax computations and joint maintenance procedures can be decided next year.

We tend to agree with Selectman Clark, however, that 50 per cent of the taxes garnered by Scituate from boats moored in their part of the harbor should be applied to the waters from whence they came.

RESIGNATION
Selectmen agreed to accept with regret the resignation of Stephen O'Connor, M.D., from the Board of Health.

SPECIAL OFFICER
Harbormaster Harry Ritter has requested, and Selectmen have agreed, to appoint Dean Williams as a special police officer for harbor night patrol.

SPORTSMAN'S CLUB?

A registered letter is to be sent to the Sportsman's Club on Route 3A, to ascertain the club's activities. The town voted in 1960 to donate the property to the club, but now it is suspected that the land is being used as a private dwelling.

"If someone picks up the letter, he will have to answer for it," Selectman Chairman Arthur Clark noted.

BUILDING REMINDER
Building Inspector James Litchfield is upset with residents making repairs at their home without proper building permits. "Any repairs or building done on a home requires a building permit," Litchfield said. Building per-



mits are available at Building Inspector's office at the Town Hall.

Repairs don't usually require plans, Litchfield said. "But alterations or structural changes require a plan so that the Building Inspector can inspect to see that the job is being done in compliance with the Massachusetts State Building Code," he said.

"Some contractors are very qualified with the gift of gab, but not so with the hammer and saw," Litchfield remarked.

HENDERSON OPINES
Assistant Town Counsel Richard Henderson will send

an opinion for future reference to both Building Inspector James Litchfield and Harbormaster Harry Ritter concerning the most effective way to bring about expeditious prosecution of violators of municipal bylaws and regulations.

SUMMER SCHOOL

A summer school reading program at the Joseph Osgood School for elementary grades will be held from July 9 to August 17. The six-week program will improve basic reading and math skills. This service will be provided by three teachers working four hours per day.



Mood Indigo...

Cohasset's Picturesque Harbor

By Ann Fogg

The jutting rocks. The reversing rapids. The weather-beaten sides and the broken window panes of Gaffney Yachts and Mill River Marine. The granite pier. Cohasset has to be one of the more picturesque harbors south of the Maine coast.

Even on an early summer weekend, it's peaceful almost to the point of being sleepy, more like the romantic image of the tiny down east harbor than that of an affluent and thickly populated Boston suburb. Sitting on the float at the end of the steeply sloping ramp, it's pleasant to bask in the sun, watch the outgoing tide boil over the rocks from the placid gulf above the bridge, and contemplate the swirls of white and brown foam as they make fanciful designs about the boats.

Draped with seaweed and encrusted with barnacles, the rocks rise dark grey from the foam, then lighten above the high tide line. Skiffs wait sluggishly in a row between the wooden float and the stone pier. Encrusted with fish gurry and gull droppings and awash with the unevaporated remains of the last rain, they catch the foam's brown residue on the paint chips of their peeling sides.

A man in a blue shirt and chinos walks down the ramp, pulls his skiff up on the float to empty it, then with a practiced hand sculls with one oar over the stern to the lobster boat "Prime Ribs."

The Harbor Master's trim little red and white shack, like Motif #1, adds color to the green hillside above the stone pier. His dingy grey work boat rests beside the float. Across the rapids, the Mobil pump on the Gaffney Yacht's pier sports a sign, NO GAS.

Against the background music of the gurgling, rushing, racing outgoing tide, aluminum pulleys clank against aluminum masts, and the seagulls scream their anguish the way they do in every harbor. A bunch of boys gather on the bridge. One climbs to the concrete rail and leaps. Splash. "Ecstasy!"

A white, fiberglass sloop, the "Strumper II" moves slowly in toward the pier under power, towing a rubber dinghy and its passenger, an eager black lab. The brown foam piles up in front of the sleek white bow. "I think it's holding me away," the man laughs. Their problem is that they can't find any bait. They've been out to Bassings Beach but found no clams, and steamers at the fish market

are \$1.25 a pound. "Expensive bait," the man says to the woman, then shrugs, "OK, you're the fisherman."

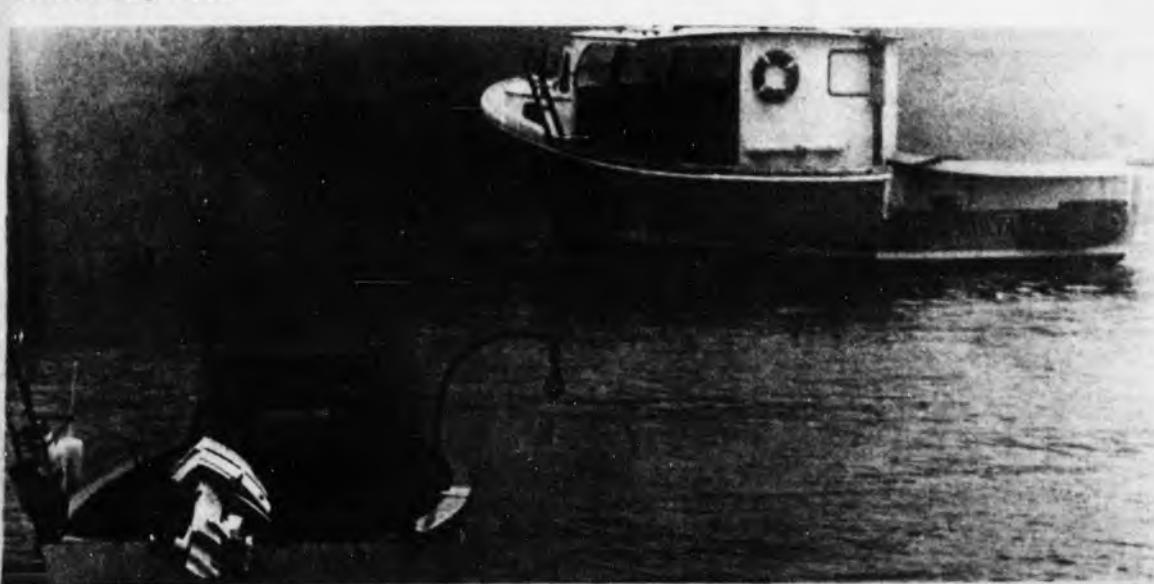
Lobster boats "Louise S." and "Margie" pull in to the float, pick up blue-jeaned and booted crews and baskets of flounder shadows and head out through the maze of boats.

Across the harbor, diners in suits and dresses alight from air-conditioned cars into the, hot sunshine of Hugo's parking lot, gather in groups, and enter the air-conditioned restaurant for lunch with a view of the boats and the brown and white foam on the outgoing tide.

Hot in the sun, I slip off my sandals, dangle my feet in the cool water, and idly watch the brown pieces of solid matter collect in streaks through the foam and swirl in eddies around my legs. Moving with the tide, the foam pushes the streaks, and they crinkle up and coalesce to form brown sections in the water and up and down my ankles. The brown solid dries on my skin. I'm surprised to find it soft and odorless, but it won't come off until I dip my legs back into the water and scrub. What is it and where does it come from?

I dry my clean feet in the sun and climb back up the steep ramp. Pink beach roses bloom along the fence at the edge of the rapids. They soften the wire mesh and contrast with the granite. In the calm gulf above the bridge, a white egret stands on long stilts in the mossy green edgewater and feeds off the bottom.

Cohasset Harbor has to be one of the more picturesque harbors south of the Maine Coast.



EVERCHANGING MOOD of the sea and coast is caught as moored fishing boat and outboard swing at anchor in creeping fog bank. [Gregg Derr photo]